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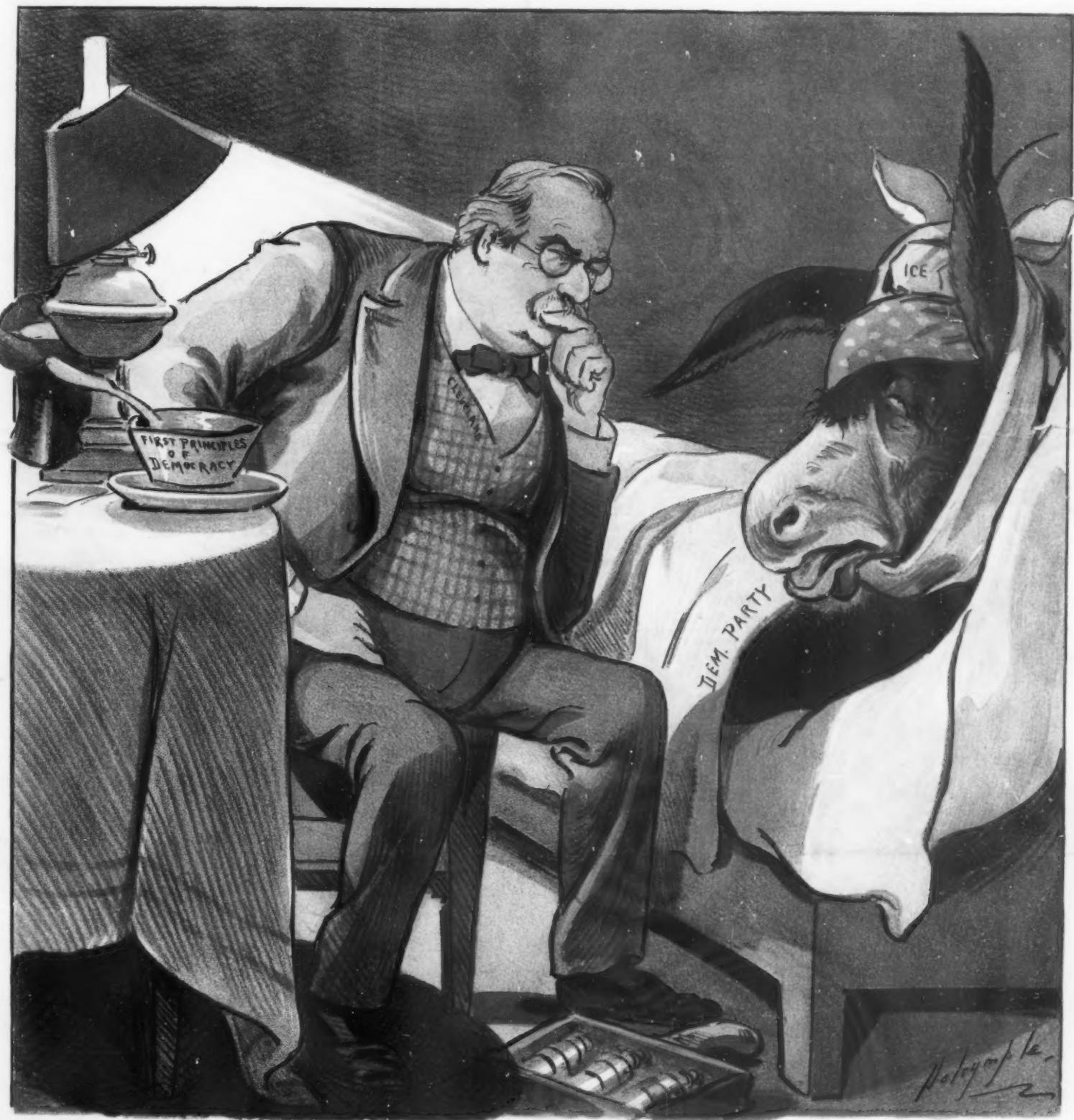
PRICE TEN CENTS.

4179



# Puck

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"THE GOOD DOCTOR."



BOT. BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
PUCKOGRAPH. — LXXXVI.  
HIS POLICEMAN WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE  
NEXT SHAKE-UP.

REFORM, with Tammany Hall and the Empress Dowager on her hands, will not run short of occupation in the immediate future.

#### ITS MISSION.

JUST a poem in a paper,  
That oftsoon is all forgot;  
Just a poem that oftsooner  
You'd forget as lief as not.

Yet that poem has its mission,  
Yet that poem has its goal:  
Somewhere it will find a reader  
And beatify his soul.

It will strike a chord and thrill it  
As 't was never thrilled before;  
And that chord will sing and vibrate  
O'er and o'er forevermore.

Just a poem in a paper  
That will never be forgot  
By one lone and single reader,  
For he is the author o't.

#### HOW IT HAPPENED.

Hi STACKPOLE. — I see  
that city feller ye took out  
huntn' yesterday got a few  
quails.

JOSH GUNN. — Aw, yes!  
A fool bird would occasionally  
fly into the shot.

#### NOT OVER YET.

"Dear me! This is really exasperating,"  
sighed Aguinaldo, after reading the despatch.  
"What's the matter, love?" inquired his  
wife, anxiously.

"Why, small bands of Americans still con-  
tinue to annoy our troops," replied the stepfather  
of his country.

#### WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED.

THE PRIMA DONNA (*after the first act*). —  
I won't go on again unless that box party makes less  
noise! I nearly had hysterics!

THE MANAGER (*in surprise*). — I did n't hear  
any noise.

THE PRIMA DONNA. — You did n't? Why, they encored that upstart  
of a contralto four times!

#### SWELL HUNTING.

It was with the utmost caution that the Fox crossed the highway.  
"You see," he explained, "there is a hunting club of the swellest  
sort in this vicinity, and I smell so extremely like an anise-bag that I have  
to be very careful, indeed!"

#### A HAZARDOUS FLUKE.

There once was a ball of caoutchouc  
Which a goliac out in Dubuque  
Sought one Sabbath to soak  
But the church window broke,  
Which entailed an impassioned rebuke.

#### "WHAT do you consider a test of moral courage?"

"Pronouncing the word 'pumpkin' correctly when ordering pie  
in a cheap restaurant."



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#### AN ADVANTAGE.

"Go it, Dobbins! Don't let 'em pass yer! You oughter know this road better 'n any drafeted automobile!"

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IN DAYS OF OLD.

OBEDIAH.—And what sentence did our worthy magistrate pass upon that terrible scold, Dame Waggington?

HEZEKIAH.—He ordered her to be immersed ten times in the ducking-pond.

OBEDIAH.—Good Saints! I did n't think he'd soak her that hard.

THE CHAPERON.

THE CHAPERON sits in the ballroom bright,  
Gracious and pure and fair,  
With the rays from many a tender light  
Kissing her wondrous hair.  
And here, where the belles of a swirling town  
Are tripping it down the hall,  
Clad in her shimmering, stately gown  
Sweetest she is of all.

Sweetest of all she rests serene  
And watches both man and maid;  
But she only adds to the spell, I ween,  
By the music gently played.  
For lasses flush at a stolen glance  
And blush at a meaning tone.  
While I am in love (give heed,  
gallants)  
In love with the chaperon!

In love with the chaperon, 't is  
true,  
Most desperately in love.  
I love the point of her dainty shoe,  
The tip of her dainty glove.  
And now, as she sits like a queen  
apart—  
The queen of the romp and  
fun—  
I think of the tale my eager heart  
Will tell when the rout is done.

When the rout is done, and in peace, alone,  
We chat, as we like, at last—  
Just I and this dear, dear chaperon  
I wed in a day long past.  
And I'll softly say, as a lover may,  
With a kiss, as a lover's right,  
That the prettiest girl of that ballroom gay  
Was a girl with hair snow-white.

Edwin L. Sabin.

IN SELF-DEFENSE.

"Quite a little excitement for a few minutes yesterday," remarked the grocer in the far western town. "The Muckerses came in town in one direction, and the Tucker boys from another. There'd jest been a row between the two families, and everybody in town knew that when they came together there'd be some purty lively shootin'. Well, sir, in less than fifteen seconds after the first gun was pulled every man on both sides was on the ground with not less than two bullet holes in his frame. An' there was thirty of 'em in all."

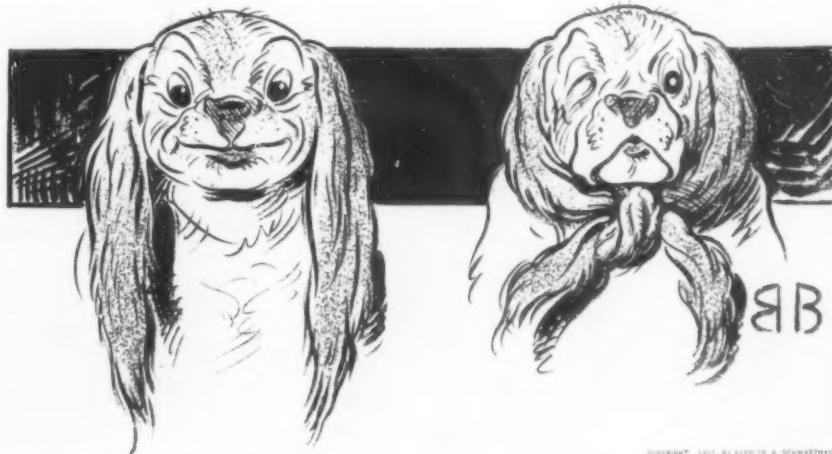
"Why, that was remarkable!" exclaimed the tourist. "They must have been magnificent marksmen."

"Oh! The innocent bystanders did all the shootin', Mister. We don't take any risks here no more."

COLLECTING HIS OWN.

MRS. MANYCOOKS.—There are only six sponge-cakes in the pantry, Bridget. I thought you baked a dozen.

BRIDGET.—Well, Mum, officer Branagan called an Oi had to give him some as our assessment for police protection.



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OUR BLENHEIM SPANIEL WHEN HE IS WELL, AND WHEN HE HAS A SORE THROAT.



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## DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS.

FIRE-EXTINGUISHER AGENT.—A man can't tell when he's going to have a fire—  
ISAACS.—Oh! I don't know. I had heard of some fellers vot could.

## WOULD NOT SUBMIT.

JOHNNY.—Does n't Uncle Henry like plum-pudding?

MAMA.—Yes; but the doctor won't let him eat it.

JOHNNY.—If I was as big as him, I'd like to see any doctor keep me from eating it!

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is of small practical value. Few rich persons with poor relatives believe in it.

A GAME LAW limiting two deer to each hunter would be more popular if it would guarantee the two deer.

IN THIS imperfect world, altruism in the abstract is somewhat more plentiful than altruism in the concrete.



II.  
"I'll keep it behind me so she won't see it until the last moment. Gracious! These floors have been newly polished; I must be careful!"

## AN EXPENSIVE SURPRISE.



I.  
MR. BOWERS—I'll bet Mary will be surprised when I make her a present of this beautiful twenty-five dollar hat.



III.  
MRS. BOWERS.—Oh! here is James, home. I'll just wait here until he comes by, cry "Boo!" and jump out at him. He looks so funny when he is startled!

## HIS ACRIDITY.

"I BELIEVE there is a cryin' need," sarcastically said the Old Codger, "for a convention for the amelioration of the overworked condition of the average title. I think that the rural editors of this country should get together in solemn conclave and decide, once for all, who shall wear the prefixes of 'Prof.', 'Judge,' 'the Hon.', 'Col.', and so forth. With envy and ambition continually strivin' to bu'st into the fold, the lines have got to be drawn somewhere."

"It should be emphatically understood that only sideshow shouters, sleight-of-hand men, bum orchestra leaders, balloonatics, hypnotizers, dancin'-masters, boxers, tight-rope walkers, mind-readers, undertakers and horse-physicians can properly be styled 'Professor'; that the only 'Judges' are jack-legged attorneys, starters of horse-races, ex-justices of the peace, defeated candidates for judicial honors, and the other swag-bellied loafers who swarm around the tavern office-stove in Winter and lie on the shady porch in Summer; that the only acknowledged 'Hon.' is every lawyer that ain't a 'Judge,' and every feller that ever had or ever wanted office, and every feller that ever made a speech or sat on a jury, and every man that ain't got any other title; and that the only 'Col.' known to the most of us is the portly wind-bag who is tryin' to sell real estate, or managin' a country hotel, or carryin' a gold-headed cane, or has married the widow of a military man, or is just simply red-nosed and overbearin' and slack in meetin' his financial obligations.

"The time has come, in my humble opinion, when this matter of titles has just naturally got to be settled for good and all, or the first thing we know some erudite educator will creep into the first-named class, a genuine jurist will crowd into the second, honest men will get to thinkin' that the third-mentioned title belongs to them, and some army officer covered with scars and glory will brazenly demand admission into the fourth class on the strength of his wounds and his war record; and the present incumbent will be shoved out into the cold and unappreciative world and compelled to subsist on the plain American title of 'Mister.'"

Tom P. Morgan.

## A TRUCE PROPOSED.

"What did the office-boy say about going to the foot-ball game without leave?"

"Oh! He sends down word by his father that he's still friendly if we are."

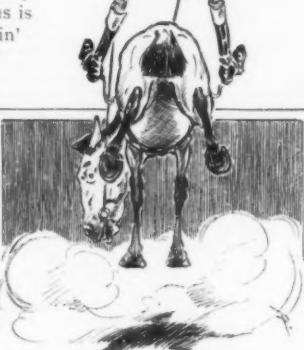
## LOOKING FORWARD.

"And he was always so courteous to the customers!" sighed the bank-manager, referring to the missing teller.

"I suppose he always kept in mind that some of them might possibly be on the jury," dryly remarked the president.



IV.  
(Jumping out suddenly).—"Booh!"



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## COULD N'T UNDERSTAND IT.

THE HORSE.—Bless if I can see what fun a man can find in treating a poor, unfortunate animal like this!

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HARD TO DIAGNOSE.

MAMA.—Dear Me! Perhaps it's the colic.  
PAPA.—Can't say. I can't tell colic from cussedness.

PROTEST.

Hi! the limitless skill of the cook, who, at will,  
Rare tidbits can make, and invest 'em  
With a savor that's sure our desires to allure  
Till we brave all the chances and test 'em.

Then we find, when we dine, that the taste is as fine  
As the way he attractively dressed 'em;  
But the after-effects come our comforts to vex,  
And we learn that some evils infest 'em.

As we writhe in the throes of dyspepsia's dire woes,  
Those tidbits—Ah! how we detest em!  
For what in the deuce of such things is the use  
Unless there's a way to digest 'em?

Wood Levette Wilson.

AS TO THE OWNERS.

UNCLE BILL (*the circus agent*).—Yes, Johnny, in Africa I've shot  
and captured hundreds of monkeys.

LITTLE JOHNNY (*in astonishment*).—Hully Gee! And did n't the  
organ-grinders put up a kick?

MOVING.

"Should we move," expostulated my wife, "our loss  
would come to a pretty penny!"

It did not escape me that the cook was blushing  
quietly to herself.

"And mine," I distinctly heard this person  
mutter, "to a handsome copper!"

UNDER SOME CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE BOY.—Gee! If skatin' was always  
like this, there'd be pretty near as much fun  
in splittin' wood!



IF THERE really were any such personage  
as the fool-killer he would be over-  
whelmed with applications from people who  
want to introduce their intimate friends.

THE COMMON desire to know all about things before they happen is the  
occasion for the evening newspaper. The lies told by the evening  
newspapers are the occasion for the morning newspapers.



V.  
*(As Mr. Bowers lands).—*"Oh! Ha! Ha! Ho!  
Ho! But you did n't hurt yourself, did you, dear?"  
*Mr. Bowers (grimly).*—No. I fel on som-  
thing soft that I brought you home as a present.



VI.  
"There it is—or what is left of it."



VII.  
"I guess that will cure Mary of playing  
practical jokes!"

*PUCK.*



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**HEAVY INCIDENTALS.**

SHE.—Is the writing of poetry very lucrative?

HE.—Well, it would be if one did n't have to lay out fifty cents or so every week or so on paper and stamps!

**TO A GOLF BALL.**



HOU 'RT just the same to outward view  
As other spheroids be;  
Whate'er their substance or their hue;  
The difference I never knew  
Till I had toyed with thee,  
Then I a macrocosm found  
Within thy microcosmic round.

The ups and downs of Alphic height,  
Beloved of the bards,  
You typify: I scoff, you blight;  
But curve in parabolic flight  
Thro' several hundred yards;  
I unctuously carol, "Fore!"  
And tread the turf a conqueror.

What boots the fortune fate may fling—  
A palace or a hut—  
If, with a well-considered swing,  
To book, thou globule, thee I bring,  
And make a twelve-foot putt,  
Which subsequently I relate  
Was twenty-seven feet, or eight?

Thou battered gutta-percha sphere,  
Tho' oft I smote thee sore,  
Each honorable scar you bear,  
Each mark and mar but serves, I swear,  
T' endear thee to me more.  
And now thou 'rt acting, in addition,  
As versifying ammunition.

M. W. Pool.

**JUST WIGGLED.**

"How did Eleanor announce her engagement?"

"Just wiggled the finger that wore the diamond ring."

*PUCK.*

**WASHINGTONIANS.**

"But why," the staff ventured to ask, "does Your Excellency take command of the army under this tree rather than yonder tree?"

"Because," replied Gen. Washington, with simple dignity, "it seems to me clear that this is the tree which Posterity will select as having been the tree under which I took command of the army!"

At this the staff were not a little abashed, for there was no doubt in their minds of their chief's superior foresight.

**MORE TRUE TO LIFE.**

"You were speaking of the sunny South, I think, Mr. Keedick."

"I was, Mr. Fosdick."

"I thought perhaps you might have said the 'gunny South.'"

**ADVICE.**

"Dear me! And it's the best hat I've got!"

"Well, keep it on yer head, Mister, or it'll soon be de worst!"



**KNEW HER GROUND.**

MISS CHATTERTON.—Charley says a fortune-teller told him he was going to marry a brunette.

HER MOTHER.—Being a blonde, that does not look very promising for you.

MISS CHATTERTON (*confidentially*).—On the contrary, I feel that it only shows how far off a fortune-teller can be at times.

**AUSTERE SIMPLICITY.**

If you wish to see austere simplicity and child-like innocence most beautifully depicted upon the human countenance, try to get a look at a man just as he is picking up ten dollars in change for a five-dollar note.



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**PAINFUL SUSPENSE.**

"I suppose you fellows can tell by looking at a customer if he's good for a tip or not?"

"Not always, sah. Sometimes we keep a-tinkin' dat he is an' a-tinkin' dat he is n't!"

# PUCK.



## PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### THE DREAMING JINGO.

THE JINGO survives to us from an age when the making of war was the only legitimate, creditable or desirable end of enterprise. One consequence of his arrested development is that the Nicaraguan canal must be regarded chiefly as a war device. He may suspect in his less inflamed moments that a trading-vessel will now and then slip through its locks, but so spiritless and prosaic a happening he foresees will be rare and minor and incidental; — something not positively disgracing the warlike tribe of canal-makers, but of which the less said the better. The business around and through the canal is to be war. If there is no war, the canal itself is relied upon to start one. If there could be no war the Jingo would be apt to consider the canal idea silly. He calls to mind the bloody Suez canal, pondering the countless battles that have been waged along its banks, and the vast influence it has exerted upon the political geography of Europe, and he determines that his Western water-way shall be its superior as a field for the world's favorite pastime. And if any dolt wants a sordid commercial canal for the better dissemination of cotton, canned-goods, plows, boots and things, why, he would rather prefer that no canal at all be built. The Jingo is fevered. If we owned a good dog we should not like to have him bitten by Senator Lodge — for example — until after this canal matter had been settled.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREE. A N INTERESTING difference is reported between the opinions of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan thinks the Democratic party is quite well, but that the country is dangerously sick. Mr. Cleveland contrarily sees the country to be pretty healthy and the Democratic party to be in bad shape. He diagnoses the sickness of the latter as too much Bryan, although he is polite enough to word it differently. Chief among the measures of relief he prescribes is "to let the rank-and-file have a chance." Here again these authorities differ. Mr. Bryan retorts that the rank-and-file have done everything that has been done. The point will stand considering. Was it the rank-and-file of the party that forced the insertion in the party's latest platform of the several heresies that had

been condemned in 1896? Or was it Mr. Bryan himself who arrogantly dominated the rank-and-file and who, possibly with the short view of preserving his own little consistency, again forced the fatal free-silver issue upon his protesting but demoralized fellow democrats? The history of this is rather too recent to be confused, and Mr. Bryan's effort to unload the responsibility on the rank-and-file will hardly deceive the unelected. Of the two doctors we think Mr. Cleveland more reliable. Mr. Bryan may be likened to the patent-medicine doctor who must convince his victims that they are ailing before he can sell his nostrum. Having failed in this delicate task, the entire stock of Mr. Bryan's remedy had to be swallowed by his party, as an evidence of its good faith. Only careful nursing by one of the regular school will ever pull it through.

### ETHICS AND CHILD-STEALING.

SOME GRAVE and worthy discussion has lately had a newspaper room on the subject of Mr. Cudahy's apprehension of true ethics; Mr. Cudahy having compounded a felony by paying twenty-five thousand dollars for the return of his kidnapped son. The weight of opinion seems to be with the theory that while, viewed in the narrow, human aspect, his act was perhaps excusable, he nevertheless missed a chance to mount high in the ethical scale by refusing to pay the money and entrusting the recovery of his son to the police. Even Mr. Cudahy himself is now in a mood to philosophize about it, and, for all we know, may be considering two opinions of his own act. And that is a peculiarity about ethics. They are somewhat too fragile for use in emergencies. When the concrete has passed into the abstract, however, they become enticing and perhaps valuable. On the whole, we are inclined to applaud Mr. Cudahy's postponement of his own part in the discussion until his boy was returned. And possibly, among his harsher critics, there is some enterprising parent who will allow his son to be kidnapped for purposes of experiment. If he then display sufficient confidence in the detective talent of the country to risk the death or mutilation of his child, he will unquestionably show himself to be truly ethical and public-spirited. But we guess he would not show himself to be so much of a father.

### MONEY

FOR THE CAUSE.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE arouses so much criticism as a system of healing that the public is apt to overlook its growing importance as a religious denomination. A recent case in the New York courts had to do with a bequest to that church by a woman member who had succumbed to one of the popular delusions about mortal disease. This disposition of her fortune was not approved by several surviving and expectant relatives, who sought to break the will on the ground that decedent was unduly influenced by certain deputies of the beneficiary. Disregarding the merits of the case, it is permissible to point out the tendency of the Christian Science church to get in line with the older and more "regular" churches. The art of securing deathbed alterations in wills is one, we believe, that has long been unostentatiously but perseveringly practiced by several of the religious denominations that enjoy widespread popularity. If the Church of Christ, Scientist, has become apt in it, we can no longer have doubt of its being a sure-enough church. That many believe it to enjoy superior advantages in the delicate matter of securing prompt action on wills in its favor is beside the point we wish to make.



HIS VIEW.

THE FOX.—Dear Me! If one could be a fox when one is eating chicken, and an aniseed bag when one is being chased!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE DOG IN THE

PUCK.



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IN THE MANGER.

*PUCK.*



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**CLOSELY AFFILIATED.**

MURPHY.—*Oi tell yez, Flaherty, th' saloon is th' poor mon's cloob. Troth, Oi don't see how he could git on widout it.*

FLAHERTY.—*He could n't! Iv there wor no saloons there 'd be no poor min.*

**THE WILLY BOY'S PROPHECIES.**

**ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.**

Evening pajamas will be proper until 2 A. M., at which time the valet will waken you to don the early morning style.

Airships will be propelled by forced draughts of cigarette smoke.

Collars will be dispensed with. Cuffs will be worn at both neck and wrists.

The "Pwince" will be dead, and by special dispensation be buried in Central Park, to which sacred spot dutiful Willies will make regular Sunday afternoon pilgrimages.

The letter "r" will be obsolete.

Electric light attachments will be included in the price of neckwear and waistcoats.

Strictly correct folk will have the family coat-of-arms engraved on their front teeth.

Gentlemen purchasing not less than six bottles of champagne at one sitting will be furnished Turkish bath tickets free.

*Harvey S. McMaster.*

**I**N THESE latter days the flames of war are apt to be fanned by editorial wind.

**I**T IS a good thing, sometimes, to get back to fundamental ideas, but it is never any use to get back at them.



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**AS TO A SUITOR.**

SHE.—*You seem to dislike Mr. Callow as much as Mama does.*

PAPA.—*Yes. But, really, that should n't prejudice you in his favor!*

**REASONABLE.**

MRS. HOON.—I have read an item which declares that insanity can often be cured by music.

MR. HOON.—The theory is a probable one, I should say. The average amateur cornetist would throw the ordinary lunatic into fits, and almost any physician can cure fits.

**SOME GOLF-PLAYERS.**

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie them  
To see themselves as ithers see them!  
For, then, would many a golfing laddie  
Bid long farewell to link and caddy."

**NOT HOPELESS.**

FIRST THEOSOPHIST.—I'm afraid you're a pessimist.

SECOND THEOSOPHIST.—Oh, no! I don't see much outlook for the next ten thousand years or so; but, after that, I think things may pick up.

**HE EXPLAINS.**

"I wonder why you would n't keep the thermometer in the house instead of out here."

"Oh! Maria always keeps the house so darn warm an' comfortable that a thermometer'd never get a chance to do anything worth talkin' about in there!"



**WELL READ.**

FIRST COUNTRY SCHOLAR (sizing up the new teacher, critically).—He don't look much like a scrapper!

SECOND COUNTRY SCHOLAR (wisely).—No; but that's the way it is in all the story-books; —an' when you try tew lick him you find he's a champeen with his fists!

**SCRUPLES.**

"Tar and feathers!" roared the mob.

The wretched culprit writhed.

"No! No! No!" he implored. "I am a member of the Audubon Society, and how ill it would beseem me to wear feathers!"

Now the mob was furiously angry, yet it would hardly, in these days of tolerance, deliberately do violence to anybody's conscience.

**AFTER ALL,**  
every man is  
the architect of his  
own Hall of Fame  
and may fill it to  
suit his own taste.

**I**F AS many men  
were as deeply  
interested in religion  
as there are in  
their digestions a  
charter would have  
to be secured for  
a Greater Heaven.

**M**AY BE happiness  
dislikes  
selfishness. Perhaps if we all pursued her, just in  
order to introduce  
her to other people,  
she might allow us  
to catch up.

**T**HE AMERICAN  
who would delight to  
wear a shoulder-sash under his  
dress-coat is hardly  
numerous enough  
as yet seriously to  
threaten our free  
institutions.

## PUCK.

### THE BEAUTY OF PADDING.

**F**EVERY NOW AND THEN we hear an outcry against the vice of padding in literature. How absurd! My dear critic, do you object to flesh on a human being? Would you have a man go around in his bones? What is literature itself but padding? And yet padding is not always literature. One man pads the skin of an animal in so lifelike a manner that we forget it is padded, that it is stuffed, and we imagine that it is alive. Another simply stuffs it as he would stuff a cheap sofa, and the effect is horrible. Instead of an object of art we have a stuffed skin. Padding is necessary, so necessary that if the stuffing were knocked out of our greatest three-volume novels the loss to literature would be incalculable, whole chapters being lost to the world. But while this shows that padding is necessary to real literature of the immortal kind it must be done so artistically that the reader never suspects it.

If I say "Mary came into the room and set the table and then looked out of the window and saw her father coming home at the close of a fine day," that is a bare statement of facts. A hod-carrier could say that much. It is not literature, and it will not live.

Now, listen to this:

"Mary knew that it was near the hour when her dear, old father would leave the marts of trade and wend his tired and feeble footsteps homeward. She thanked Heaven that, although his hair had silvered and his form had shrunk under the heavy weight of carking care, he could yet devour his three meals a day with the best of them. Therefore she repaired to the dining-room and set the table.



AGREED.

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MISTRESS.—More bric-à-brac broken? This is very annoying!

MAID.—Yes, Ma'am. That's just what I said when I knocked it over.

Set it so that it would appeal to his eye. A snowy cloth, the prettiest china, perfectly clean cutlery — for to Mary's mind cleanliness was next to godliness — and a graceful vase containing a single dandelion plucked from his favorite mead. Thus did Mary set the table and retain a hold on her father's affection at the same time.

"Then she went to the casement and looked out. Looked out at the street with its throngs of people, either bound in one direction or else bound in another direction. The weather had been perfect and the flush of eventide lingered on the cheek of day even as the rose tints the face of the man who has been a careful liver. The scent of honeysuckles from the wistaria vine flooded the air with delicate fragrance, and Mary's heart went out to Nature and all her works. She raised the sash and looked down the street. Ah! The dear old man was coming, his gentle feet tapping the pavement as often as was necessary to move him steadily, if slowly, forward to home and daughter. Home and the table set, home and his work all done, home and his daughter glad, home in the failing light."

Ah! There is padding in that, but what beautiful padding! That is the kind of padding that raises a simple statement into the realms of literature.

So pad that ye be named among the immortals.  
*Charles Battell Loomis.*

### IN THE LONELY SUBURBS.

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville, starting to business*).—Shall I engage a girl on the spot and bring her out with me if she can do plain cooking, Amabel?

MRS. ISOLATE (*desperately*).—Yes; and I don't care so much about her cooking if she will only be good company!

MANY A HOME has been made happy by the neighbors minding their own business.

THE CLAM is a standing illustration of the fact that silence does not necessarily imply dignity.



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### THE CADDY'S VIEW.

"Gee! She'd orter git thinner when she finds out what a rank player she is an' begins worryin' about it!"

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### ACCLIMATIZED.

"Mais, c'est assez! In your own countree, you would be ver well satisfy wit' half so much!"

"Exactlee; but I haf been six mont' in dis-a countree an' I hat learn to kick!"



THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.

### KEEPING AWAY TEMPTATION.

"Our new neighbor seems to be a remarkably conscientious fellow."  
"In what way?"  
"Why, he tells me that he is so anxious to show that he takes no interest in race-tracks that he won't even let his little boy have a hobby horse."  
"What's his business?"  
"He's a bank teller." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE Democrats of Kentucky are deprecating partisanship on the bench. The other side has the bench. — *Washington Post.*

HE.—If a fellow should jump from the top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, where do you suppose he would bring up?

SHE.—Well, it all depends on what sort of a life he'd been living, I suppose. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



### HIS INDIGNANT INQUIRY.

He (on his knees).—Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all the strength of my being.

SHE.—Are you in earnest, Clarence?

He (reproachfully).—In earnest! Say, do you think I am bagging my trousers this way for fun?

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters is a tower of strength. Fly to it in time of weakness. Strengthens and invigorates the whole body. Get it at druggists.

Cook's Extra Dry beats 'em all. Cook's Imperial has a perfect bouquet. Cook's Champagne is strictly pure.

### WINTER TIME.

Winter time, good folks, to me is still amazin' blest,  
When the cabin fires I see an' fiddles play their best!  
When the dancers take their places to the music's merry sound  
An' the gals have smilin' faces as we're swingin' 'em around!

Winter time in Georgia!

Where'er my steps may be,  
I can always hear them fiddles  
Callin' — callin' me!

There's joy in Spring an' Summer — fer a feller's feelin' fine  
When he's drowsin' by the river, an' the fish pulls at his line;  
But, take it all the year around — it's Winter time is best,  
When I see the cabin fires an' the fiddles play their best!

Winter time in Georgia!

Where'er my steps may be,  
I always hear them fiddles  
Callin' — callin' me! — *Atlanta Constitution.*

AFTER a woman has had seven children, reminiscences of her past begin to sound like statistics. — *Atchison Globe.*

IT IS a good deal easier to demonstrate that men may become monkeys than that monkeys have become men. — *Ram's Horn.*

WHEN a woman opens the front door and says "Tum in, deary," to a little, wiggling pug dog, you can bet on it that if there are any children in the house they don't stand half a show. — *Indianapolis News.*

## A Good Thing

Good things are always bought freely, and

## Hunter Baltimore Rye



has the largest sale because the people know the

### Best Whiskey

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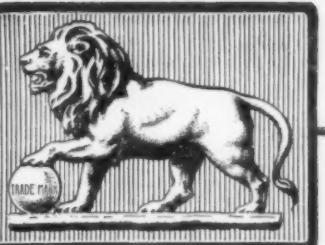
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### ONE EFFECT.

THE MONKEY.—Yes; it makes you look big!  
THE OSTRICH.—Does, eh? Gives me a distingué air, does it?  
THE MONKEY.—Well—er—it gives you a distingué neck!

The blood will be poor so long as the stomach shirks its duty. A half wine-glass of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters before meals cures dyspepsia.

"I HAVE noticed," said the Observer of Events and Things, "that many a girl who goes fishing for a husband gets a lobster." —Yonkers Statesman

FOR several days, a man dressed as a Scotchman has been in town playing a bagpipe, to advertise a certain brand of Scotch oats. The *Globe*'s horse editor was sent out this morning to write up the bagpipe music, and, when he returned, handed in this sentence: "Damn a bagpipe!" So a great many others say.—Atchison *Globe*.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press, London, Aug. 1899.

**MARTELL'S  
THREE STAR  
BRANDY**

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

A young lady had a red nose  
(Her name I am loth to disclose).  
But a Rip Van each day  
Drove the color away.  
She's fair as a fairy-white rose.

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AN EXAMINATION REQUIRED.

AGENT.—Wish to get an accident policy — yes, sir. Live in New York?

APPLICANT.—Yes.

"How far can you jump, and what distance can you cover in two hops, three skips, and a leap?"

"Eh? What do you want to know that for?"

"You expect to cross Broadway occasionally, don't you?"—*N. Y. Weekly*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."

"Animosities hence done away,  
Bright commerce enliv'ning the shore,  
Let this be the toast of to-day,  
Good fellowship all the world o'er."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.  
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

A PROMISING CHILD.

"What's the matter with our cherished infant?" inquired Mr. Blykins, as a series of prolonged yells reached his ears.

"Why, he's lost his temper, and he's standing in bed clutching the foot-rail of the brass bedstead with both hands and shouting at the top of his voice."

"Let him alone. He'll be a great political orator one of these days. He thinks he's on the rear platform of a train."—*Washington Star*.

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A HIGH-ROLLING OFFICE BOY.

MAMIE.—Jimmy Mulberry blew me off ter a hot sody, yistiddy.

LIZ.—An' on'y dis mornin' he gimme a hull nickel's wort' uv ches'nuts.

MAMIE.—Heavens! We must keep our traps shut about dis, fer if his boss hears uv his extravagant habits, he'll call in a expert ter go over de poor boy's books.

As Smoothing Iron  
To Crumpled Linen

so is

## Evans' Ale

to tired mortals

(Takes Out the Wrinkles)



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THE people of Paris are doing their best to overcome the fast life they have been living. They are buying 100,000 pounds of snails for food every day. —*Indianapolis News*.



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Whisky

are not affected in the slightest degree by the addition of carbonated or still water. High Balls made from "Canadian Club" are unusually fragrant and delicious, and have a flavour which is thoroughly delightful and satisfying. ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

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#### AN OBJECTION.

"Ye ; he seems to be a confirmed bachelor — says he has always been opposed to an income tax."

"What do you mean ?"

"Well, he considers marriage an income tax of one hundred per cent."

#### TIME'S CHANGES.

JINRIK.—Hello, Blobbs ! I have n't seen you for a year ; and the last time we met you were having a row with your best girl because she would n't marry you. How are matters now?

BLOBBS.—Oh ! They 've changed.

JINRIK.—Ah ?

BLOBBS.—Yes. She married me and now I 'm having a row because she did.

—Detroit Free Press.

#### CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

"Of all the silly proverbs," remarked the grumbler, "I think 'Haste makes waste' is the worst."

"Oh, I don't know !" replied the intelligent farmer. "There 's truth in that. My barn was destroyed by lightnin' last August, and I don't know nothin' thet works with more haste than lightnin' does." —Catholic Standard and Times.

#### ELASTIC.

JIMMY.—What time do yer have ter get ter work ?

JOHNNY.—Oh ! Any time I like, as long as I ain't later than seven o'clock. —Harper's Bazar.

YOUNGBOY.—But, sir, there is no comparison between a foot-ball game and a prize-fight !

OLDBOY.—No ; a foot-ball game is more like eleven prize-fights. —Indianapolis News.



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#### HIS PROPOSITION.

"One moment — please ! I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll give up all the money I have and raffle it off — chances gratis. The lady holding the lucky number takes the whole thing." —Washington Star.

# van Houten's Cocoa

contains more digestible nourishment than the finest Beef tea. For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, it is unequalled.  
Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

#### NO NEED OF PRINTING.

NEW BOARDER.—I see they have no bill-of-fare here.

OLD BOARDER.—Don't worry. You 'll soon learn it. —N. Y. Weekly.



**FLAMMARION**  
OPERA GLASS — FIELD GLASS  
Scientifically constructed under the patronage  
**OF THE CELEBRATED ASTRONOMER**  
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Is on each Glass  
OPTICIAN, 104 EAST 23<sup>rd</sup> ST., 125 WEST 42<sup>nd</sup> ST.  
NEW-YORK

The fact that self-preservation is the first law of nature seems to be about the only valid excuse some people could offer for their continued presence on earth. —Indianapolis News.

#### New York Sun says Editorially, Dec. 12th, 1899:

\*\*\*\* Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall Street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whiskey courage." \*\*\* Drunkenness has become disreputable, or is pitied as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted. The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been SCIENTIFIC rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of GOUGH, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. \*\*\* Wall Street is filled with the stock and bonds of vast consolidated industrial enterprises which can only be maintained prosperously by the continuance in their management of a succession of peculiar administrative talents. \*\*\* At this time, therefore, men have found out that they cannot drink to excess if they are to hold their own. Science and invention have opened up and are steadily extending fields of labor wherein the keenest intelligence in the mechanic is requisite, so that he cannot afford to fuddle his head with drink ; he must be a man who can always be depended on or he will be driven out. Never before was suspicion of intemperance in a worker so fatal to his success as now. Every man who is wise keeps himself constantly in fighting trim for the contest. \*\*\* Drunkenness has gone out of vogue both as a fashionable and as a popular amusement. It is a habit in which only those whose health and life are valueless to themselves and to everybody else can afford to indulge.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

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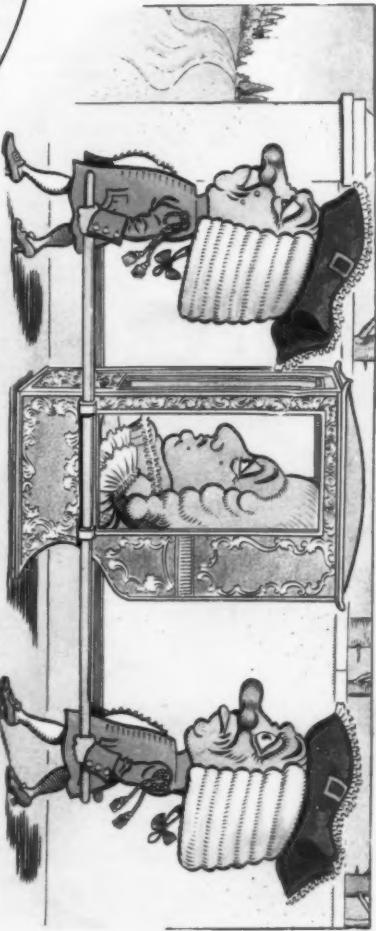
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"To Madame Van Uppington's, and with great caution dost thou execute thy pace!"



"T is well the roof of my chair is so high, else 't would disarrange the barbers most artistic efforts. I do pity that Madame Van Uppington when she sees me!"



JAMES.—Gads, forsah! A mad dog!

MADAME DE FARTHYNGLALE.—Ah, prithee! My hairdresser hath done himself proud this day! When that spiteful Madame Van Uppington sees my coiffure she will die with envy.



"W-e-o-w!"



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JOHN.—Who-o-o-o-p!

ENVY THAT WAS NEVER INCITED.



MADAME DE FARTHYNGLALE (*returned home*).—Get ye hence, base varlets!

Ye are discharged!

F. M. KIRKHAM  
J. OTTMAR LITH. CO. NY.